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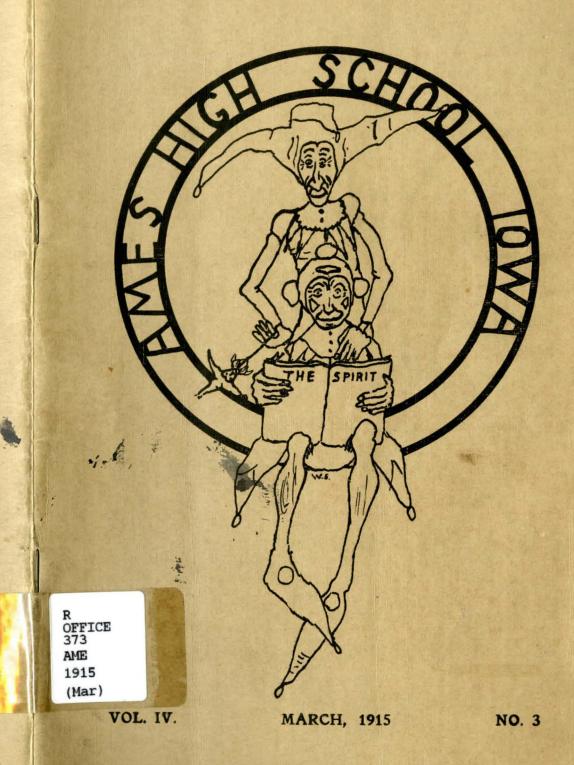
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THE SPIRIT

VOL. 4 MARCH, 1915 NO. 3

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EDITORIAL

'List ye Seniors!'' do you realize there is but three short months remaining before we will be leaving the ranks of A. H. S.?

The old associates will be scattered, and we like to flatter ourselves by thinking, or at least hoping that we will be missed by those remaining.

Some of the Seniors will go on to college, others will follow various other interests, but wherever we go, there will remain with us the pleasant memories of our high school days, forgetting the unpleasant ones, if we ever had any. Even if we do "crab" and think that each teacher assigns lessons as though he were the only member of the faculty, by some unknown way, we always get our work done, and when we knock" we don't mean what we say. So that after all this, we hold dear to our memories "the best school in the world," it's teachers and students.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

"The Necklace"

In a tropical country, it has been the general custom of the people to sit under some spreading tree or shade by the wayside or in some corner of the meadows, during the calm and sultry day at noon time and tell some lovely and fascinating

stories and legends of the past.

It was one of those bright days in the hot season of the year, when I and my friend went together, to gather some wild flowers in the meadows for the decoration at the bridal ceremony of his elder sister on the following day. It was toward noon, and our baskets were nearly full of flowers when at length we came to a spreading tree, just by the side of the river. My friend, rather a bright and talkative fellow, younger than I, seeming to possess a knowledge of the past, proposed that we should sit under the tree and rest for a short time until the sun set.

We sat together in oriental fashion and I, who am sorry to say, have the characteristic of quietness of mind and I never talk unless I am asked to, but am always attentive to an interesting story or conversation, was as calm as could be. My friend began to narrate several stories from his own experience

and one of them was the story of "The Necklace."

"Not long ago," he said, "in this beautiful land of ours, lived a couple in one of the towns by the seaside. They had two promising little children, a boy and a girl. The boy's name was Ceasario and the girl's name was Consuelo. The boy, a bright little fellow was five years old, two years older than his sweet little sister. Their father, a strong and tireless worker, had so great a love for and interest in them, that he had always that parental and tender care to make them happy and intelligent. The mother in turn, who had the closest relation to the children, had the deepest joy and love for her two little ones.

But amid this glowing joy of the parents, a most terrifying misfortune confronted them. A group of invaders attacked the country and they became the victims of the strife. The husband was killed and the only son was carried away by the merciless invaders, leaving the mother and little sister amid the dark cloud of fury. The mother died broken hearted and the delicate, poor little girl was adopted by one of the unknown neighbors.

Time went on and Cesario amidst the land of the invaders, became the favorite of the chief. He was given an excellent education and was treated as his own son. But Cesario was not satisfied. There was in his heart a burden of sorrow. "Oh, if I could only escape," said he one day, "and see my dear

ones once more, they could tell me the fate of my parents and sister, though perhaps they are all dead." As time went on, he grew into manhood with well developed strength and power, and indomitable courage in his heart.

Consuelo by that time was 'blooming into lovely womanhood;' God-fearing, industrious and dutiful to her guardians. She seemed to possess the sublime virtues of her mother. She was the very life and gladness of her guardians. To them 'she appeared like some tender plant in a garden, bringing forth flowers with their fascinating beauty. But poor Consuelo! she knew nothing of the past! The only thing she could remember was the precious necklace said to be given to her by her mother when she passed away.

One day, a commercial steamer anchored at the harbor in the land of the invaders and Cesario, mindful of his plan for escape, went to the steamer and made friends with the captain. He told of his sorrowful story since the days of his childhood. The captain sympathized with him and consented to carry and transfer him to his native land. He was full of joy at the proposed plan, then he went home and made ready for his flight on the following day. The day came and away Cesario went on his voyage with the sailors. Oh! what a joyful time he had Finally the ship reached the harbor of his boyhood homeland. There he landed with more joy than he could realize. With a grateful and thankful heart, he parted from the captain.

For several tedious years from the time of Cesario's landing, he did not have any opportunity to learn any news of his parents and his only sister, for it was twenty-five years since that gloom passed over his family. But as the tide of life went on upon him, came that experience which comes into the life of every young man. He fell in love with a beautiful young girl of the city who was unknown to him. One day as he passed by her dwelling he realized the 'bewitching modesty in her looks' and he dreamed night and day of playing his part. The maiden in turn noticed him and she watched him often as he passed by her home. They never met or talked together, but actions speak louder than words, until at last Cesario decided to play the part of 'Romeo' with his unknown lover. All the sorrows of heart, all the gloom of his life and all the weariness of mind were forgotten when one day he sat by her side and expressed to her his true love. There was fairer prospect of felicity as he listened to her favorable answers. Their secret could no longer be kept from the guardians, so she told them all about it and received their consent to her wishes and their marriage was arranged.

The precious day came and the two lovers were dressed in wedding robes. Before coming to the altar in another chamber,

the modest bride with shining face, called Cesario and showed him her necklace. "This is the necklace," she said, delightfully, "which I shall wear at our wedding. It is very precious

to me for it is my dear mother's own gift."

Cesario took it from her hand with joy and playfully kissed it. He looked it over again and again until he saw the fine inscription in it,—'Juanita Javier.' Then he looked at her with tears in his eyes and exclaimed, "Oh, sister, my dear sister! I had been looking for you for years!" He clasped her to his bosom and kissed her. Juanita Javier was their mother." Then the story was ended and I and my friend went home very late.—Quentin G. Fernandez, '16.

Errors

Helen Bayon had just received a letter from her twin sister, Ellen, who was attending the university at Iowa City, saying that she would be at Ames, Saturday evening to attend the

"all college" dance.

"Now this is just the time to play a joke on Will," thought Helen, "I have a date with him for the dance and I will ask him to get a friend for Ellen. Ellen and I will exchange partners just for a joke on Will. Ellen and I look so much alike that he will never know the difference until I tell him."

Helen met Will that day when she was hurrying across the campus to Chemistry. She asked him to get a friend for Ellen and left him, chuckling to herself, certain her plans would

turn out right.

"Jolly, but that will be a good one on her,", Will thought as he slammed the door of his room. "Jim is coming down for the dance and since we look alike or so nearly even if we are cousins, that Helen can't tell the difference."

Friday, early in the evening, he saw Helen hurrying down

to the car to meet Ellen.

Jim Carleton, having arrived, he and Will were planning the fun of the evening. "Now," said Will, "It is just planned right. I saw Helen yesterday and she told me to get a date for her friend. Now I am going to put you on Helen and take her friend just for sport.

"I'm with you, old boy, it will be great fun. Glad we look

so much alike," said Jim.

"Oh, Ellen, I have the grandest scandal to tell you," said Helen after the affectionate greetings were over. "Now, listen, since we look so much alike I am going to put you off on Will and I will take his man that he got for you. He sure will feel cheap."

"Yes, and we will dress just alike," answered Ellen. That evening Ellen was ready ahead of her sister who had worked

so hard to make her plans a success.

When the first call at the door was answered it was found that Miss Bayon was wanted.

"Run along now Ellen, there is Will for me, play your part." Ellen met the man, who was in fact Jim Carleton and they started for the gym where the dance was to be held. Ellen and Jim both having questioned sister and cousin were equally able to discuss the college activities and thus kept up a brilliant conversation.

Soon Will called and was met by Helen who was exceedingly surprised. Will felt baffled but each had to keep up their part. Their conversation however, was a little restrained and each was very busy trying to solve the little mystery checking their schemes that little thought was given to conversing. When they reached the gym each cast a hasty look over the crowd already assembled but Jim and Ellen were not to be seen. The whole evening was spent in anxiety on Helen's part looking for her sister while Will felt as near pouting as ever over what he considered Helen's scheming to outwit him. Jim and Ellen spent the greater part of the evening trying to keep out of sight of the others and yet having a good time.

They started home from the dance just as the last strains of "Home, Sweet Home," were to be heard. When they got home they were sitting in the hall waiting the return of the other two, Jim was saying over and over to himself, "Can't blame Bill for liking her. Wish he didn't think so much of her. I might have a chance if Bill could only get interested in his own partner this evening." While Ellen was wondering if Helen and Will really thought so much of each other as

they seemed to.

Just then the door opened and in came Helen and Will. They stopped still, as each saw the two in the hall; Will looking blankly at Ellen and Helen staring at Jim. The two in the hall likewise staring at each other. Jim was the first to recover himself, "Well, if this doesn't beat all I ever heard of."

"What does it mean?" said Helen.

"All I can say is that Helen and I are twin sisters, I don't know who you are," replied Ellen.

"Well, that is easily explained," said Will, "We are cousins."
"Well of all that scheming I have done to play a joke, this is the result," put in Helen rather disgusted even if she was glad to have the mystery solved.

"Did you scheme too? Well, if anything like this ever happened before, I would most like to hear it. I stayed awake nearly an hour the other night just to get the joke on you, and to think it turned out to be on both of us," said Will.

Ellen and Jim seemed well pleased with the joke or so would have been the opinion if you could have seen and also heard Jim asking if he might run down to Iowa City in a few days. The answer must have been in the affirmative for Jim was seen to rush for the train the next Friday evening with a light heart and a smile on his face. The next Sunday saw Will and Helen out for a walk making amends for the playing and promising sincerely never to do such a thing again.—F. H. K.'16.

ASSEMBLIES

January 13, Rev. Thuresson of the Methodist church led us in devotions. After which, Dr. H. D. Kennedy, evangelist, gave an interesting talk. Mrs. Kennedy and Herbert G. Tovey favored us with several songs.

January 28th Laverne Bucton, a graduate of the class of '14, entertained us with selection on the trombone. Also, the "Boys' Quartette," made their first appearance, which was very favorable.

February 3d, Rev. Johnson from the college, led us in devotions and gave an exceedingly interesting talk. We enjoyed this assembly especially because of the fact, that the Faculty Quartette, made up of Messrs. Caldwell, Lyman, Giese and Pollard, sang for us. They certainly did themselves justice, especially on the third encore, which was really touching.

February 10th, Rev. Caul of the Baptist church led us in devotionals. Dr. Elmore gave an exceedingly interesting talk on his last trip to India, which is one of the various trips he has taken around the world.

February 18th, Mrs. Corry, department president of the G. A. R., also patriotic instructor gave a patriotic talk, which everyone enjoyed. Will Clark gave a baritone horn solo.

March 1st, We had a special assembly, the occasion being the presence of Dr. Bancroft, who was present the night of Abraham Lincoln's assassination. He held the undivided attention of all, while he presented to us an exact word picture of that awful event.

LITERARY SOCIETIES

The music was enjoyed by all. Meryl Rutherford gave a very interesting discussion on "Photography under water." The

farce was very humorous, the title being, "A Cyclone for a Cent." Each played their part well and all enjoyed it.

The second program given February 26 opened with a piano solo by Gladys Richetts. Hannah Valentine, an alumni, favored us with an interesting humorous reading. Current events were discussed by Glen Wilson, his subject being the "Advantages and Disadvantages of the Submarine." Cora Willey gave a vocal solo accompanied by Lois Russell. A paper on famous musicians, Maud Powell, Schumann-Heink, Julia Culp, Evan Williams, was read by Helen Raymond. Selections by all, except Julia Culp, were given on the victrola.

A piano duet was played by Alice McCarthy and Ione Rice after which, selections were given by the Boys' Glee club.

Paul Melick gave Wallace's Chariot Race from Ben Hur. A sketch of Longfellow's life and readings from his poems were given by Garnet Searle. The readings were illustrated by Jessie Powell taking the part of Evangeline, Sam Martin as Hiawatha in boyhood, Dan McCarthy as Hiawatha in manhood, Lois Russell as Priscilla and Roy Stewart as John Alden. The program closed with a piano solo by Florence Pepper.

CLASS REPORTS

SENIORS

Soon we will leave these halls so dear,
With sighs of regret,
As we recall pleasant events
That we cannot forget;
How we pondered over books
Through four yong years and strived to do our best;
And with jubilant voices we ever shall sing
The triumphs of A. H. S.

A wonder of the day are we
Numbering fifty-four;
It is the Seniors who excelled
In every event before.
In our lessons and deportment
And in athletics we take the lead;
In short, this wondrous class all others does surpass,
Our aim has been to succeed.

The world may not know what we have learned Or the knowledge that we lack, But still will we love and respect
The Orange and the Black.
When now we wish to make our way
And the high summit desire to attain,
We will only have to say, that we belonged
To A. H. S. 1915.

We will love you as long as the sun may shine
And as long as the stars are true;
We will hold dear your memory
When in the future we are far from you,
We will shout for your victories as before,
Love for your name retain;
May teachers and all, ever hold in esteem
The class of 1915.

With proper apologies to S. L. T.
—G. W. W. '15

Senior Class Meeting

On Thursday afternoon, February 18, a Senior class meeting was held in the study hall with Principal Caldwell as the presiding officer. The meeting was opened to all for discussion, and this opportunity was taken advantage of by almost everyone.

Some of the leading questions brought up were, selecting a class play, appointing a social committee, selecting class stationery, flower, poem and so forth.

The question of selecting the class play seemed the most important at this time, Paul Melick, Clark Tilden and Glen Carberry were nominated as candidates as business manager of the play; Paul Melick being chosen.

A committee consisting of Prin. Caldwell, Miss Sprague, Paul Melick and the class president, Vearl Heater was decided upon to appoint committees which were to decide on the question before mentioned. The committee to select the class play was to be appointed at once so that work on the play could be started early.

The question of Senior "pep" was also quite freely discussed at this meeting.

Junior Party

As hardtimes are now with us, the Juniors thought it appropriate to have a "hardtime party". At 7:30, Friday, Feb. 26, in the Gym, about fifty Juniors, chaperoned by the High school teachers, came prepared for the occasion which proved to be a success. As the colors of the Junior class are green and white, the Gym was beautifully decorated in these shades.

The entertainment consisted of games, among them being a relay-race, which was won by Mr. Caldwell and Mrs. Giese, serenades and "Poor Pussy" were other games of the evening.

In order to carry out the "hard time" thought a delightful luncheon (?) was served in the early part of the evening. This consisted of "crackers" and "toothpicks" which were very appetizing. After playing several more games, refreshments of sandwiches, pickles, salad and apples were served. The party then came to a close after which we journeyed home to dream of the "good-time" we had had.

Sophomore Report

The Sophomores haven't "pulled off" any big social function of late—the reason: We're so studious!

The Audubon society for bird study is being reorganized between the Freshman-Sophomore classes. Miss Taylor had charge last year, and some interesting excursions were made. Mr. Lyman and Mr. Pollard have offered their support this year.

Freshman

The Freshman class met in the study hall to discuss "pro" and "con" the many business matters which confronted them. Nothing was accomplished but left for a later date.

ATHLETIC

The candidates for the team went through a hard practice season before the opening games and have been very faithful in their efforts to put forth a winning team. However, there is a rumor that some of the team are not training as well as they might. The fellows who are on the team owe it to themselves as well as to the school to be more careful in their training.

On the other hand, no team can win without the loyal support of the whole school. We ought to get behind the team a little more and boost if we expect to have a championship team in the future. If a team sees that the school is behind the players, they will play 50 per cent better than they otherwise would. As a rule the basketball fans this year have been good sports. At the Lincoln game however, the crowd was a little unruly and did not show the qualifications of good sports. A little of this was in evidence also at the Ellsworth game. If we are to lose a game, let's be good losers and not "crab" on the side lines. Visiting teams always take home a report of the way the crowd acted and we want Ames High to have a reputation among other schools in this respect.

We have had a fairly successful season this year and the prospects are good for the remainder of the year and for next year.

Nevada at Nevada

Basketball season started out with a rush at the opening game of the season with Nevada high school playing on their floor. A large number expected to journey to the opening contest but on account of bad weather only a few of those who had planned to go arrived in Nevada. On the way over Dwight Briten one of last year's guards and a hard scrappy player, was elected captain of the 1915 team. The contest was a scrappy one. We were a little weak on team work this being our first game of the season, but baskets were easily made and we won in the end. "Davis" featured in basket throwing and all the fellows played a good game. At one time we were in danger of defeat but when the contest closed we had the big end of the score by a comfortable margin, thus giving us the right kind of an ending for the first game of the season.

Referee—Vale of Nevada.

Final score—Ames 21, Nevada 16.

Boone at Ames

This game was a scrappy one from start to finish. Boone evidently came over here with the intent to pay us back for their defeat in football and they sure had to work hard to do it. The first half ended in a tie and the team went back with a determination to win. Luck was against us, however, and when the final whistle blew the score was in Boone's favor. The game was hard fought and Boone deserved the victory they won.

Referee—Linden of I. S. C. Final score—Boone 24, Ames 19.

Ellsworth at Ellsworth

This game was secured on such short notice and accommodations there and back were so poor that it was no wonder our team was defeated. The floor was poor and the team not being used to the low ceiling and cold atmosphere, had much trouble in shooting baskets, also in keeping warm. The game lagged at times but on the whole it was a fair game considering. As the Ellsworth team was accustomed to the floor, the final score was, of course, much in their favor.

Referee—Holmes of I. S. C. Final score—Ellsworth 33, Ames 19.

Nevada at Ames

The Nevada team came over here hoping to redeem their defeat of the two weeks' previous but they were destined to disappointment. The game was rough throughout and hard fought for, although at the end of the first half the teams were tied, a decisive victory was gained by our team by the end of the game. Hard playing was characteristic of the game, Swearingen throwing the largest number of baskets for our bunch. This game ended our schedule with Nevada.

Referee—Linden of I. S. C. Final score—Ames 21, Nevada 14.

Eagle Grove at Eagle Grove

Saturday, the 6th of February, the team journeyed to Eagle Grove and played the fast bunch from that city. Our bunch took a little slump on this trip and were badly beaten by the Eagle Grove team. The team seemed to be unable to withstand the attacks of their opponents and when the final whistle blew Eagle Grove had the game by a considerable margin.

Referee—Eagle Grove man. Final score—Eagle Grove 39, Ames 13.

Ellsworth at Ames

On the 12th of February the Ellsworth team journey to Ames to prove that they had a better team than we did and much was their disappointment to have us romp away with the big end of the score. Although the game was slow at times, it was also fast by spurts, but on account of our bad luck shooting baskets we were unable to pile up a very high score. Our teamwork was especially good, showing much improvement over the first of the season.

Referee-Ellsworth man.

Final score—Ames 30, Ellsworth 22.

Lincoln High School at Ames

On the 19th of February the game that was scheduled with the fast Lincoln bunch, the high school champions of Nebraska, was played here on the college gym floor. We all looked forward to this game with great expectancy and a basketball treat of the season was expected. But the way our team played was far beyond our expectations. They put up the best fight they have this season and much credit is due to them. The Lincoln team was a clean, sporty bunch. Their guarding was great and a system of team work was shown by them that could not be overcome by our fellows. They showed a large knowledge of the game and the right way to play it by their low number of fouls scored against them. The scrubs started the game for us and played a fine game while in, holding them to the low score of 3 to 0 for the first six minutes of play, after which the regulars went in. Our team fought from start to finish, doing their very best, but the Lincoln bunch were too fast for us and they romped away with victory.

Referee—Hubbard of I. S. C. Final score—Lincoln 20, Ames 6.

Forwards-	Soper	Centers—		
Swearingen	Guards—	W. Ricketts		
Flauher	Britten (c)	Stewart		
Lerdall	Quade	Cretsinger		
McCarty	Pammel	Carberry		
Hammond	Hoon			

"Bill Davis" played at forward until he graduated at end of semester.

Schedule Complete

Jan. 15-Nevada at Nevada.

Jan. 22-Boone at Ames.

Jan. 23-Ellsworth at Ellsworth.

Jan. 29-Nevada at Ames.

Feb. 6-Eagle Grove at Eagle Grove.

Feb. 12-Ellsworth at Ames.

Feb. 19-Lincoln (Neb.) at Ames.

March 2-Eagle Grove at Ames.

March 6-Boone at Boone.

March 12-Tournament at I. S. C.

March 19—Tournament at I. S. U., if we win in I. S. C. tournament.

EXCHANGE

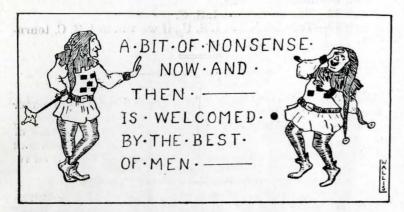
An exchange department has been carried out by our paper for some time but it has been hard to make it an interesting one. We wish to remedy this but can not do so on account of lack of exchanges. We send out exchanges every month and hope by our next issue that more exchanges will have been received.

Among the interesting exchanges for this month is "The Tattler" of West High. It has the finest literary department displayed in any high school paper we have received. It also has a fine joke department.

We also received some very interesting papers from "The Bumble 'B'", Boone, Iowa; "The Newtonian", Newton, Iowa; and "The 'W", West Waterloo. Come again.

Caesar is dead and buried—and so is Cicero, And where these two old gents have gone I wish their works would go.—Ex.

A bright senior was telling of Milton's life and writings: "Milton was married three times, then he wrote, 'Paradise Lost'. Later his wife died, then he wrote, 'Paradise Regained.'"



Chemistry Experiment

Potassium iodide plus sulphur under pressure gives an interesting experiment as follows: ki+S2=kiss. The experiment is dangerous as the above result may not always be attained but, instead, the reaction may be violent. This experiment should be attempted only in the absence of light when few (preferably two) are present.

The history teacher and her pupils disagree about the proper time for refreshments.

You may try to reach the limit by being good; you may try to reach the limit by being bad, but you can never get there.—Mr. Caldwell.

Two cross-eyed girls were coming down the street riding bicycles at a high rate of speed. They ran right into each other, smash-to-bang. Oh, what a sight. They were torn and bruised and very dusty. On getting up half-crying, one girl exclaimed, "Why don't you look where you are going?" The other angrily replied, "Why don't you go where you look?"

On the study hall board: Lost! Please return to the office Tom Sloss. Large reward.

"Micky" C. "What are you up in the air for, Stewart?" Stewart. "Come off with that tall stuff."

In penmanship drill: "Muscular movement, everybody. Each one count out loud to himself."

Ralph S. "I can make an uglier face than you can."

Bessie Cretsinger. "Well, I haven't as much to begin with as you have."

An Educator

"In learning," proudly said the birch,
"I once played a part;
Whenever little boys were dull,
Why, I could make them smart."

Miss Bray in English 6. "Why, Tom! I can remember when I was in the first grade."
Tom Sloss. "Oh what long memory."

Charles Judge:

"It takes the Irish to beat the Dutch Even though they don't amount to much."

Cecil H. "Miss Ford, how old are you?"
Miss Ford. "Not quite as old as Methuselah."

What has become of Prin. Caldwell's trip?

The boy stood on a burning deck
His head was in a whirl,
His mouth was full of auburn hair
His arms were full of girl.

If the devil were to lose his tail, where would he go to get a new one put on? To the Boone grog-shop, where the worst of spirits are re-tailed.

All renquests for leave of absence owing to funerals, weddings, lamebacks, house cleaning, sore throat, headache, indigestion, and so forth, must be in not later than 10 a. m. the day of the game.

"When the rain falls does it ever rise again?" asked the Chem. Prof.

"Yes, sir."

"When?"

"Why, in dew time."
"That will do."—Ex.

For beauty I am not a star,
There are others more handsome by far,
But my face, I don't mind it,
For I am behind it—
It's the people in front that it jars.

Prof. Moses, when asked what resembled a half cheese, answered: "The other half."

Smithy, in German 4. "There was an old mill which Fredrich often disturbed."

Mr. Caldwell in Geom. II.: "Why, my wife's the best cook there ever was. That's why I'm so fat!"

Freshman Boys:

One beautiful spring morning
When the sun was shining bright,
We started to old high school,
Feeling gay and right.

But when upon arriving,
We meet our dreaded fate,
The old stuck up Soph's a flirtin',
Oh! they are the ones we hate.

Calm Seniors Reply:

Now don't be so quick spoken,
But keep yourself real cool,
And when you get to be a Soph,
You can talk to the girls too.

The parlor sofa holds the twain,
Ila and her love-sick "Swain."
He and she
But, hark! a step upon the stair
And mamma finds them sitting there.
He and she

Jack: "Dot, can you do the 'Swallow Dip?"

Dot: "No, how do you do it?"

Jack: "Take four steps backwards, side step one, whirl four times."

Dot: "Then what?" Jack: "Swallow."

Wouldn't it be sad if:
Coffey didn't kick anyone out of the library?
Mr. Hicks went to the Princess?
Cora Sims got canned?
Mr. Caldwell should make any announcements?
"Hick" Ricketts were without a steady job?
You'd see Wilson at work?
Dale Mac got 94 in A History?
"Dug" tried to bluff the teachers?
Pollard didn't give some coy glances in music period?
Willian Fish should get fat?

Sal got an average of 75?
Pete ever got fussed?
Joe Anderson didn't have a grin?
Cora Willey didn't have enough to do?
"Smithy" should come to school to work?
The High School should get any "Pep?"
If Bill Ricketts got to school on time.

History 5. Miss Sprague discussing Washington's public life: "Commander-in-chief of the army and carried them through the Revolution."

Bernice Ricketts appeared at school late one morning (cause, got up too late) expecting to make a report on "Sleeping in the open air and its benefits.

A Few Definations

Translation—A wrestling match between two languages, in which the student acts as timekeeper and the teacher as referee.

Study Period—A 45 minute nap.

Office Slip—A deadly form of a germ found on the afflicted one's desk at 8:15. This disease is much more dealy than the sleeping sickness.

Office—Easiest place to go.

German Classic—A small dime novel written in Deutsch and costing six times its value.

Wind—Air taking physical culture. Adjective—Applied to some people. Report Card—A form of insomnia.

Tables—What the Phys. teacher says you mustn't sit on.

Roller Skates—A special type of Ford.

Sidewalk—A flat surface when you are straight, a curved surface when you are stewed, and an unlimited surface when covered with ice.—V. M.

Mr. Lyman. "What is meant by confisticated, Everet?" Mick C. "Don't you know?"

When the Ice Cracked

Miss Coffey. "Oh, Clifford, somebody's got me."

GOOD ADVICE

My Dear Miss Fairfax: I am small but am awfully skinny for my height. Do you think it would be wise for me to diet?—Dorothy Summers.

Dorothy Summers: Sleep more, do not diet. Silence will help you greatly. If not more than twenty-two you can expect an increase in height.

Dear Miss Fairfax: We would like to buy out the Princess as we attend most every night, but we hesitate as we are still in school. We think it would be cheaper to buy.—Dale McCarty, Lester Swearingen.

Dale and Lester: You are quite right; you have a keen business sense. I would also advise your buying the Princess. You had better hurry for someone may see this letter and try to profit by your great discovery. I would advise you to watch the following, that they may not beat you out: Mr. Bernice Ricketts, Baily Waltmire, Glenn Carberry and Charles Snyder.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I have fallen in love; will you kindly tell me how to get out again?—Tom Sloss.

Thomas Sloss: Ask for a sample of the young lady's cooking.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am thinking of going on the stage. I am thirteen years old; do you think I am too young? If so advise me how to make a living.—Joe Anderson.

Joe: If you think you would like the stage you might try out in the comic vaudeville. Otherwise I would remain in high school.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am sure I will graduate in two years. Shall I go to college or take the "Post Graduate" course?—"Dug" Waitley.

"Dug": I think you had better go to Nevada and take an examination—to teach.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I have an awful time with the giggles. I have tried all kinds of remedies. Knowing that you have helped others, I plead with you to tell me if you think chloroform would do any good.—Hester Crosby.

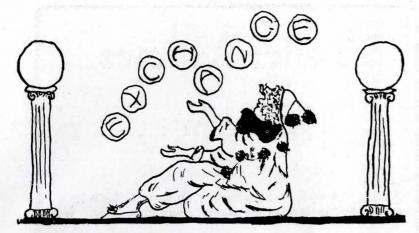
Hester: I do not think chloroform could do in your case, because unless you took a large amount the relief would only be temporary. Concentrate your mind on your studies and perhaps you will forget to giggle.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am in love with the sweetest girl in the world. I just can't live without her; I will surely commit some desperate deed if she doesn't accept me immediately. She is so very fine that words can't express my love for her. She can cook biscuits that would do for the German siege guns, and her pies are beyond all hopes. The bread she makes would do for building blocks, and the cookies for clay pigeons. Oh! won't you tell me how I can get her?—Ralph Scofield.

Ralph: Go ask her father; I am sure he would be glad to give her to you on any terms. He will no doubt help persuade the **dear** girl to help you in your work as a baker. I am sure you are an ambitious young man and will success in this life.—if you win her.

Dear Miss Fairfax: How can we make our class a success?— The Senior Family.

Senior Family: Get together, plan some social stunts. Everyone back them with his presence and financially. Work as a body not as separate people. Back the paper, help its literary section. Get some real life in your class. After you have these things the other things will come to you as you need them.



English as It Is Sometimes "Wrote"

A mischievous boy in Gilead, Ohio, threw a stone and hit Mr. Jonadah Perkins in the alleyway last Tuesday.

While Miss Pearl Kinsmore, of East Wind, Ind., was coming down stairs Tuesday, she slipped and bruised herself on the

Amos Mittlesby of Piketown, Kan., while harnessing a fractious horse, was kicked just south of the corn crib. He is able to be out again.

Mrs. H. T. Binnock of Woolsport, Wis., let a can opener slip

Monday and cut herself badly in the kitchen.

While Harold Green was escorting Miss Violet Gooph home from a church sociable Sat. night a savage dog set upon them and bit Mr. Green four times in the public square.

Joseph Tutt of Grinnelesburg, Iowa, climbed on the roof of his house last week to find a leak and slipped and fell, striking upon his back porch and causing serious injuries.

Isiah Trimmer, of Dolbury, Neb., was playing with a pet cat Friday, when the animal scratched him on the veranda.

-Exchange.

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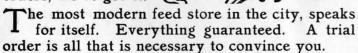
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